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## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

# The London Prodigal

“By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE”

*Date of Earliest Known Edition* . . . . . 1605

[*B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, l. 3*]

*Next issued in the third Shakespeare folio* . . . . 1664

*Reproduced in Facsimile* . . . . . 1910



# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## The London Prodigal

“By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE”

1605



*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMX





# The London Prodigal

“ By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE ”

1605

*This is one of the “ doubtful ” Shakespearean plays, and was first issued in 1605 with “ By William Shakespeare ” on the title-page. It was not entered on the books of the Stationers’ Company.*

*The play was not included in the folio of 1623, and, apparently, was not reprinted until its appearance in the third folio, in 1664, with six other plays of uncertain Shakespearean authorship.*

*The discussion of the problem thus raised does not fall within the scope of the present undertaking.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, says :—*“ The paper is thin in the original, and the ink shows through more or less in various places. This has made a difficulty as usual, the facsimile inevitably exaggerating the effect of this sometimes. Apart from a few blemishes of this kind there is nothing but praise to be spoken of the facsimiles.”

JOHN S. FARMER.



# THE LONDON Prodigall.

As it was plaide by the Kings Maie-  
sties seruants.

By William Shakespeare,



LONDON.

Printed by T. C. for Nathaniel Butter, and  
are to be sold neere S. Austins gate,  
at the signe of the pyde Bull.

1605.











# THE LONDON Prodigall.

*Enter old Flowerdale and his brother.*

*Fath.* Brother from *Venice*, being thus disguisde,  
I come to proue the humours of my sonne:  
How hath he borne himselfe since my departure,  
I leauing you his patrone and his guide?

*Vuck.* Ifaith brother so, as you will grieue to heare,  
And I almost ashamde to report it.

*Fath.* Why how ist brother? what doth he spend  
Beyond the allowance I left him?

*Vuck.* How! beyond that: and farre more: why, your exhibiti-  
on is nothing, hee hath spent that, and since hath borrowed,  
protessed with oathes, alledged kindred to wring mony from  
me, by the loue I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall  
vpon himself, to furnish his wants: that done, I haue had since,  
his bond, his friend and friends bond, altho I knowe that hee  
spends is yours; yet it grieues me to see the vnbridled wildnes  
that raines ouer him.

*Fath.* Brother, what is the manner of his life? howe is the  
name of his offences? if they do not rellish altogether of dam-  
nation, his youth may priuiledge his wantonnesse: I my selfe  
ranne an vnbrideled course till thirtie, nay almost till fortie,  
well, you see how I am: for vice once looked into with the eies  
of discretion, and well balanced with the waites of reason, the  
course past, seemes so abhorrible, that the Landlord of him-  
selfe, which is the heart of his body, will rather intombe him-  
selfe

*The London Prodigall.*

selfin the earth, or seek a new Tenāt to remaine in him, which once settled, how much better are they that in their youth haue knowne all these vices, and lest it, then those that knewe little, and in their age runnes into it? Beleeue me brother, they that dye most vertuous, hath in their youth, liued most vicious, and none knowes the danger of the fire, more then he that fallēs into it: But say, how is the course of his life? lets heare his particulars.

*Vnck.* Why Ile tell you brother, hee is a continual swearer, And a breaker of his oathes, which is bad.

*Vnck.* I grant indeed to sweare is bad, but not in keeping those oathes is better for who will set by a bad thing?

Nay by my faith, I hold this rather a vertue then a vice,

Well, I pray proceede.

(the worst.

*Vnck.* He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by

*Fath.* By my faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he Brawle and be beaten for it, it wil in time make him shunne it: For what brings man or child, more to vertue, then correctiō? What raignes ouer him else?

(selfe.

*Vnck.* He is a great drinker, and one that will forget him

*Fath.* O best of all, vice should be forgotten: let him drinke So he drinke not churches.

(on,

Nay and this be the worst, I hold it rather a happines in him, Then any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

*Vnck.* Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

*Fath.* Why you see so doth the sea, it borrowes of all the smal Currents in the world, to encrease himselfe.

*Vnck.* I, but the sea paies it againe, and so will neuer your son.

*Fath.* No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry as my sonne.

*Vnck.* Then brother, I see you rather like these vices in your Then any way condemne them.

(sonne,

*Fath.* Nay mistake me not brother, for tho I slur them ouer now,

As things slight and nothing, his crimes being in the budde, It would gall my heart, they should euer raigne in him.

*Flaw.* Ho! whoes within hee?

*Flowerdale knockes within.*

*Vnck.* That







*The London Prodigall.*

*Vnck.* That's your sonne, hee is come to borrowe more money.

*Fath.* For God sake giue it out I am dead, see how hele take it, Say I haue brought you newes from his father.

*I* haue here drawne a formall will, as it were from my selfe, Which he deliuer him.

*Vnck.* Goetoo brother, no more: I will.

*Flow.* Vnckle, where are you Vnckle? within,

*Vnck.* Let my cousen in there.

*Fath.* I am a Sayler come from Venice, and my name is  
(*Christopher.*)

*Enter Flowerdale.*

*Flow.* By the Lord, in truth Vnckle.

*Vnck.* In truth would a seru'd cousen, without the Lord.

*Flow.* By your leaue Vnckle, the Lord, is the Lord of truth, A couple of rascalles at the gate, set vpon me for my purse.

*Vnck.* You neuer come, but you bring a brawle in your mouth.

*Flow.* By my truth Vnckle, you must needs lend me tenne  
(pound.

*Vnck.* Giue my cousen some small beere here.

*Flow.* Nay looke you, you turne it to a iest now, by this light, I should ryde to *Croydon* fayre, to meete syr *Lancelot Spurreck*, I should haue his daughter *Luce*, and for security

Tenne pound, a man shal loofe nine hundred three score and odde pounds, and a daily friend beside, by this hande Vnckle tis true.

*Vnck.* Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

*Flow.* To see now: why you shall haue my bond Vnckle, or *Tom Whites*, *Iames Brock*; or *Nick Halls*, as good rapyer and dagger men, as any be in *England*, lets be damnd if wee doe not pay you, the worst of vs all will not damne our selues for ten pound. A poxe of ten pound.

*Vnck.* Cousen, this is not the first time I haue beleu'd you.

*Flow.* Why trust me now, you know not what may fall:

None thing were but true, I would not greatly care,



### *The London Prodigall.*

*Fath.* Yfaith syr according to the old Proverbe,  
The childe was botnet: and cryed, became man,  
After fell sicke, and dyed.

*Vnck.* Nay cousen doe not take it so heavily.

*Flow.* Nay I cannot weepe you extempory, mary some  
two or three dayes hence, I shall weep without any stintance.  
But I hope he dyed in good memory.

*Fath.* Very well syr, and set downe euery thing in good order,  
And the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, I came ouer in:  
And I saw all the billes of lading, and the vellet  
That you talkt of, there is no such aboard.

*Flow.* By God I assure you, then there is knauery abroad.

*Fath.* Ile be sworne of that: ther's knauery abroad,  
Altho there were neuer a peece of vellet in Venice.

*Flow.* I hope he dyed in good estate. (will,

*Fath.* To the report of the world he did, and made his  
Of which I am an vnworthy bearer.

*Flow.* His will, haue you his will.

*Fath.* Yes syr, and in the presence of your Vnckle,  
I was willed to deliuer it.

*Vnck.* I hope cousen, now God hath blessed you with  
wealth, you will not be vnmindfull of me.

*Flow.* Ile doe reason Vnckle, yet yfaith I take the deniall  
of this tenne pound very hardly.

*Vnck.* Nay I denyde you not.

*Flow.* By God you denide me directly.

*Vnck.* Ile be iudge by this good-fellowe.

*Fath.* Not directly syr.

*Flow.* Why he said he would lend me none, and that had  
wont to be a direct denyall, if the old phrase holde:  
Well Vnckle, come weele fall to the Legasies,  
In the name of God, Amen.

Item, I bequeath to my brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred  
pounds, to pay such triuall debts as I owe in London.

Item, to my sonne *Mat Flowerdale*, I bequeath two bayle of  
falsc dyce, *Videlicet*, high men, and loe men, fullomes, stop  
cater traies, and other bones of function.

*Flow.* Sblood what doth he meane by this?

*Vnck.* Procee

## The London Prodigall.

*Vnck.* Proceede counsell.

*(sath;*

*Flow.* These precepts I leaue him, let him borrow of his  
For of his word no body will trust him.  
Let him by no meanes marry an honest woman,  
For the other will keepe her selfe.  
Let him steale as much as he can, that a guilty conscience  
May bring him to his destinate repentance,  
I thinke he meanes hanging. And this were his last will and  
Testament, the Diuell stood laughing at his beddes feete  
while he made it. Sblood, what doth hee thinke to fop of his  
posteritie with Paradoxes.

*Faith.* This he made syr with his owne hands.

*Flow.* I, well, nay come good Vnckle, let me haue this ten  
pound, I imagine you haue lost it, or robd of it, or misreckond  
your selfe so much: any way to make it come easily off, good  
Vnckle.

*Vnck.* Not a penny.

*Faith.* Yfaith lend it him syr! my selfe haue an estate in the  
Citie worth twenty pound, all that ile ingage for him, he faith  
it concernes him in a marriage.

*Flow.* I marry doth it, this is a fellow of some sense, this:  
Come good Vnckle.

*Vnck.* Will you giue your word for it *Kestert*

*Faith.* I will syr, willingly.

*Vnck.* Well counsell, come to me some hower hence, you shall  
haue it readie.

*Flow.* Shall I not faile?

*Vnck.* You shall not, come or send.

*Flow.* Nay ile come my selfe.

*Faith.* By my troath, would I were your worships man.

*Flow.* What wouldst thou serue?

*Faith.* Very willingly syr.

*Flow.* Why ile tell thee what thou shalt doe, thou faith thou  
halt twentie pound; goe into *Burchin Lane*, put thy selfe into  
cleathes; thou shalt ride with me to *Croyden fayre*.

*Faith.* I thanke you syr, I will attend you.

*Flow.* Well Vnckle, you will not faile me an hower hence?

*Vnck.* I will not faile.

*Flow.* Whats







## The London Prodigall.

*Flow.* Whats thy name *Kesler* to whomst thou comest?

*Fath.* I syr.

*Flow.* Well, provide thy selfe: I wackle farowell till I see you.

*Exit Flowerdale.*

*Vnck.* Brother, how doe you like your sonnes?

*Fath.* Yfaith brother, like a mad vnbridled colt,

Or as a Hawke, that neuer stoop'd to lure;

The one must be tam'd with an yron byt,

The other must be watch'd, or still she is wilde,

Such is my sonne, awhile let him be so;

For counsell still is follies deadly foe.

He serueth his youth, for youth must haue his course;

For being restraine'd, it makes him ten times worse:

His pride, his ryot; all that may be nam'd,

Time may recall, and all his madnesse tam'd.

Enter syr *Lancelot*, Maister *Weathercocke*, *Daffidill*,

*Artichoke*, *Lance*, and *Francke*.

*Lance.* Syr, ha *Artichoke*, get you home before,

And as you proued your selfe a calfe in bying,

Drine home your fellow calves that you haue bought.

*Art.* Yes forsooth, shall not my fellow *Daffidill* goe along  
(with me.

*Lance.* No syr, no, I must haue one to waite on me.

*Art.* *Daffidill*, farewell good fellow *Daffidill*,

You may see mistresse, I am set vp by the halues,

In stead of waiting on you, I am sent to drine home calves.

*Lance.* Yfaith *Francke*, I must turne away this *Daffidill*,

Hees growne a very foolish sawcie fellow.

*Fran.* Indeed law father, he was so since I had him;

Before he was wise enough, for a foolish seruing-man.

*Wea.* But what say you to me syr *Lancelot*?

*Lance.* O, about my daughters, wel I will goe forward,

Heers two of them God gaue them, but the third,

O shees a stranger in her course of life,

Shee hath refused you Maister *Weathercocke*.

*Wea.* I by the Rood syr *Lancelot* that she hath.

But had she tride me, she should a found a man of me indeed.

*Lance.* Nay be not angry syr, at her deniall,

### *The London Prodigall.*

Shee hath refus'de seauen of the worshipfullst and worthiest  
housekeepers this day in *Kent*:

Indeed she will not marry I suppose,

*Wea.* The more foole she,

*Lance.* What is it folly to loue Charitie?

*Wea.* No mistake me not syr *Lancelots*,

But tis an old prouerbe, and you know it well,  
That women dying maides, lead apes in hell.

*Lance.* Thats a foolish prouerbe, and a false.

*Wea.* By the masse I thinke it be, and therefore let it goe:  
But who shall marry with mistresse *Frances*?

*Fran.* By my troath they are talking of marrying me sister.

*Luce.* Peace, let them talker

Fooles may haue leaue to prattle as they walke.

*Daff.* Sentelles still sweet mistresse,

You haue a wit, and it were your Alliblaste.

*Luce.* Yfaith and thy tongue trips trench-more.

*Lance.* No of my knight-hood, not a shuter yet:

Alas God helpe her sillie girle, a foole, a verie fooler:

But thers the other black-browes a shrood girle,

Shee hath wit at will, and shutters two or three;

Syr *Arthur Greene-shield* one, a gallant knight,

A valiant Souldier, but his power but poore.

Then thers yong *Oliver*, the *Deuon-shyre* lad,

A wary fellow, marry full of wit,

And rich by the rood, but thers a third all aire,

Light as a feather, changing as the wind: yong *Flowerdale*:

*Wea.* O hee syr, hees a desperate dick indeed.

Barre him your house.

*Lance.* Fye not so, hees of good parentage.

*Wea.* By my faie and so he is, and a proper man.

*Lance.* I proper enough, had he good qualities.

*Wea.* I marrie, thers the point syr *Lancelots*:

For thers an old saying,

Be he rich, or be he poore,

Be he hye, or be he lowe:

Be he borne in barne or hall,

Tis maners makes the man and all,

*Lance.* You





## The London Prodigall.

*Lance.* You are in the right maister *Weathercock*,

*Enter Monsieur Cinet.*

*Cinet.* Soule, I thinke I am sure crossed,  
Or witcht with an owle, I haue hanted them: Inne after Inne,  
booth, after booth, yet cannot finde them, ha yonder they are,  
thats she, I hope to God tis shee, nay I know tis shee now, for  
she treads her shooe a little awry.

*Lance.* Where is this Inne? we are past it *Daffidill.* (before.

*Daffidill.* The good signe is heere syr, but the back gate is

*Cinet.* Saue you syr. I pray may I borrow a peece of a  
word with you?

*Daff.* No peeces syr.

*Cin.* Why then the whole.

I pray syr, what may yonder gentlewomen be?

*Daff.* They may be Ladies syr, if the destinies and mortalitie

*Cin.* Whats her name syr. (worke.

*Daff.* *Mistresse Frances Spurcocke*, syr *Launcelots Spurcockes*

*Cin.* Is she a maid syr? (daughter.

*Daff.* You may aske *Pluto*, and dame *Proserpine* that:  
I would be loth to be ridelled syr.

*Cin.* Is she married I meane syr?

*Daff.* The Fates knowes not yet what shoe-maker shall  
make her wedding shooes.

*Cin.* I pray where Iane you syr? I would be very glad to be-  
stowe the wine of that gentlewoman.

*Daff.* At the *George* syr.

*Cin.* God saue you syr.

*Daff.* I pray your name syr?

*Cin.* My name is maister *Cinet* syr.

*Daff.* A sweet name, God be with you good maister *Cinet*.

*Exit Cinet.*

*Lance.* A, haue we spide you stout *S. George*?

For all your dragon, you had best selles good wine?

That needs no yuie-bush, well, wee cle not sit by it,

As you do on your horse, this roome shall serue?

Drawer, let me haue sacke for vs old men:

For these girles and knaues small wines are best.

## The London Prodigall.

A pinte of sacke, no more.

*Draw.* A quart of sack in the three Tunnes,

*Lance.* A pinte, draw but a pinte *Daffidill*,

Call for wine to make your selues drinke.

*Frau.* And a cup of small beere, and a cake good *Daffidill*.

*Enter young Flowerdale.*

*Flow.* How now, sye, lit in the open roome, now good syr  
*Lancelot*, & my kind friend worshipfull Maister *Weathercock*,  
What at your pinte, a quart for shame.

*Lance.* Nay Roylter by your leave we will away.

*Flow.* Come, giues some Musicke, wee le goe dance,  
Begone syr *Lancelot*, what, and fayre day too?

*Lance.* Twere fowly done, to dance within the fayre.

*Flow.* Nay if you say so, fairest of all fayres,

Then ile no dance, a poxe vpon my tayler,  
He hath poyled me a peach colour, fatten shute,  
Cut vpon cleath of siluer, but if euer the Rascall serue me such  
an other tricke, Ile giue him leaue yfaith to put me in the ca-  
lender of foolles; and you, and you, syr *Lancelot*, and Maister  
*Weathercock*, my gold-smith too on tother side, I bespoke thee  
*Luce*, a carkenot of gold, and thought thou shouldst a had it  
for a fayting; and the Rogue puts me in reuages for Oryant  
Pearle: but thou shalt haue it by Sunday night wench.

*Enter the Drawer.*

*Draw.* Syr, here is one hath sent you a pottle of renniss  
wine, brewed with Rose-water.

*Flow.* To me?

*Draw.* No syr to the knight, and desires his more acquaint.

*Lance.* To me? what's he that promises so kind? (tance.

*Daff.* I haue a trick to know his name syr;  
He hath a moneths mind here to mistresse *Frances*, his name  
is maister *Cinct*.

*Lance.* Call him in *Daffidill*.

*Flow.* O I know him syr, he is a foole,  
But reasonable rich, his father was one of these lease-mongers,  
these corne-monger; these mony-mongers, but he never had  
the wit to be a whore-monger.

*Enter maister Cinct.*

*Lance. I*







## The London Prodigall.

*Lance.* I promise you syr, you are at too much charge.

*Cyner.* The charge is small charge syr,  
I thanke God my father left me wherewithall, if it please you  
syr, I haue a great mind to this gentlewoman here, in the way  
(of marriage.

*Lance.* I thanke you syr: please you come to *Leuisme* to my  
poore house, you shall be kindly welcome: I knewe your fa-  
ther, he was a wary husband: to paie here Drawer.

*Draw.* All is paid syr: this gentleman hath paid all.

*Lance.* Yfaith you do vs wrong,  
But we shall liue to make amends ere long:  
*Maister Flowerdale*, is that your man?

*Flow.* Yes faith, a good old knaue.

*Lance.* Nay then I thinke you will turne wife,  
Now you take such a seruant:

Come, youle ride with vs to *Leuisme*, lets away!

Tis scarce two howres to the end of day. (Exit Omnes.

Enter syr Arthur Green-shood, Olyuer, Lieu-  
tenant and Souldiers.

*Aur.* Lieutenant, leade your Souldiers to the ships,  
There let them haue their coates, at their arrivall  
They shall haue pay: farewell, looke to your charge.

*Sol.* I, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speake  
with our friends.

*Oh.* No man what ere you vsed a zutch a fashion, thicke  
you cannot take your leaue of your vreens.

*Aur.* Fellow no more, Lieutenant lead them off.

*Sol.* Well, if I haue not my pay and my cloathes,  
Ile venture a running away tho I hang fort.

*Aur.* Away furrha, charme your tongue,

Exit Souldiers,

*Oh.* Bin and you a presser syr?

*Aur.* I am a commander syr vader the King.

*Oh.* Sfoot man, and you bee nere zutch a commander  
Shud a spoke with my vreens before I chid agone, so shud.

*Aur.* Content your selfe man, my authority will stretch  
to presse so good a man as you.

*Oh.* Presse me: I deuye, presse scoundrells, and thy messels:

### *The London Prodigall.*

Presse me, chee scornes thee yfaith: For seest thee, heres a wor-  
shipfull knight knowes, cham not to be presse by thee.

*Enter syr Lancelot Weathercocke, yong Flowerdale,  
old Flowerdale, Luce, Franck,*

*Lance.* Syr *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewsome*, welcome by my  
Whats the matter man, why are you vext? (troath,

*Oly.* Why man he would presse me.

*Lance.* O Fie syr *Arthur*, presse him, he is man of reckoning.

*Wea.* I that he is syr *Arthur*, he hath the nobles,  
The golden ruddockes he.

*Ar.* The fitter for the warres: and were he not in fauour  
With your worships, he should see,  
That I haue power to presse so good as he.

*Oly.* Chill stand to the triall, so chill.

*Flow.* I marry shall he, presse-cloath and karsie,  
White pot and drowlen broath: tut, tut, he cannot.

*Oly.* Well syr, tho you see vlouten cloath and karsie, chee a  
zeene zutch a karsie coate weare out the towne sick a zilken  
Jacket, as thick a one you weare.

*Flow.* Well sed vlitan vlattan.

*Oly.* A and well sed cocknell, and boe-bell too: what doest  
thincke cham a veards of thy zilken coate, no fer vere thee.

*Lance.* Nay come no more, be all louers and friends.

*Wea.* I tis best for good maister *Oliuer*.

*Flow.* Is your name maister *Oliuer* I pray you?

*Oly.* What tit and be tit, and grieue you.

*Flow.* No but Ide gladly know if a man might not haue a  
foolish plot out of maister *Oliuer* to worke vpon.

*Oly.* Worke thy plots vpon me, stand a side, worke thy  
foolish plots vpon me, chil so vse thee, thou weart neuer so  
vied since thy dame bound thy head, worke vpon me?

*Flow.* Let him come, let him come.

*Oly.* Zyrha, zyrha, if it were not vor shame, chee would a  
giuen





## The London Prodigall.

giuen thee zutch a whister poope vnder the care, chee would  
a made thee a vanged an other at my feete : stand a side let  
me loose, chann all of a vlaming fire. brand; Stand aside.

*Flou.* Well I forbear you for your friends sake.

*Oly.* Avig for all my vreens , doest thou tell me of my  
(vreens?

*Lance.* No more good maister *Oliuer*, no more syr *Arthur*,  
And maiden, here in the sight of all your shuters , euery man  
of worth , He tell you whom I fainest would preferre to the  
hard bargaine of your marriage bed : shall I be plaine among  
you gentlemen?

*Arty.* I syr tis best.

*Lance.* Then syr, first to you, I doe confesse you a most  
gallant knight, a worthy souldier, and an honest man: but ho-  
nestie maintaines a french-hood, goes very feldome in a chain  
of gold, keepes a small traine of seruants: hath fewe friendes:  
and for this wilde oates here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not  
iudge, God can worke myracles, but hee were better make a  
hundred new, then thee a thrifty and an honest one.

*Wen.* Beleue me he hath byt you there, he hath touched  
you to the quicke, that hath he,

*Flou.* Woodcocke a my side, why maister *Weatercocke*:  
you know I am honest, howsoeuer trifles.

*Wen.* Now by my troath, I knowe no otherwise,

O your old mother was a dame indeed :

Heauen hath her soule, and my wiues too I trust:

And your good father, honest gentleman,

He is gone a Iourney as I heare, far hence.

*Flou.* I God be praised, he is far enough,

He is gone a pylgrimage to Paradise,

And left me to cut a caper against care,

*Luce* looke on me that am as light as ayre.

*Luce.* Yfaith I like not shadowes, bubbles, broath,

I hate a light a loue, as I hate death.

*Lance.* Gyrle hold thee there: looke on this Deuen-syre:  
(lad:

Fat, faire, and louely, both in purse and person.

*Oly.* Well:

*The London Prodigall.*

*Oly.* Well syr, chame as the Lord hath made me,  
You know me well yuine, cha haue three-score packe a kar-  
ssy, and blackem hal, and chiefe credit beside, and my fortunes  
may be so good as an others, zoe it may.

*Lance.* Tis you I loue, whatsoeuer others say?

*Ar.* Thanks sayrest.

*Flow.* What wouldst thou haue me quarrell with him?

*Fash.* Doe but say he shall heare from you.

*Lance.* Yet gentleman, howsoeuer I preferre this Deuen-  
shyre shuter,

He enforce no loue, my daughter shall haue liberty to choose  
whom she likes best, in your loue shute proceed:

Not all of you, but onely one must speed.

*Wsa.* You haue fed well: indeed right well.

*Enter Artychocaky.*

*Arty.* Mistresse heeres one would speake with you, my  
fellow *Daffidill* hath him in the sellor already, he knowes him,  
he met him at *Croyden* sayre.

*Lance.* O I remember a little man.

*Arty.* I a very little man.

*Lance.* And yet a proper man.

*Arty.* A very proper, very little man.

*Lance.* His name is Mounfier *Cueto.*

*Arty.* The same syr.

*Lance.* Come Gentlemen, if other shuters come,

My foolish daughter will be fitted too:

But *Delia* my faint, no man dare moue.

*Exit at all but young Flowerdale and Olyuer,  
and old Flowerdale.*

*Flow.* Harke you syr, a word.

*Oly.* What ha an you to say to me now?

*Flow.* Ye shall heare from me, and that very shortly.

*Oly.* Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not, a vig.

*Exit Olyuer.*

*Flow.* What if should come more? I am fairely drest.

*Faino.* I doe not meane that you shall meete with him,

But presently wee le goe and draw a will:

Where wee le set downe land, that we neuer sawe,

And







### The London Prodigall.

And we will haue it of so large a summe,  
Syr *Lancelot* shall intreat you take his daughter:  
This being formed, giue it maister *Weathercocke*,  
And make syr *Lancelots* daughter heire of all:  
And make him sweare, neuer to shew the will  
To any one, vntil that you be dead,  
This done, the foolish changing *Weathercocke*,  
Will straight discourse vnto syr *Lancelot*,  
The forme and tenor of your Testament,  
Nor stand to pause of it, be iudged by mee:  
What will inshue, that shall you quickly see.

*Flaw.* Come lets about it: if that a will sweet *Kyr*,  
Can get the wench, I shall renoune thy wit.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Daffidill.*

*Daff.* Mistresse still froward:

No kind lookes vnto your *Daffidill*, now by the Gods.

*Luce.* Away you foolish knaue, let my hand goe.

*Daff.* There is your hand, but this shall goe with me:  
My heart is thine, this is my true loues fee.

*Luce.* He haue your coate stript ore your eares for this;  
You sawcie rascall.

*Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.*

*Lance.* How new maid, what is the newes with you?

*Luce.* Your man is something sawcie. *Exit Luce.*

*Lance.* Goe too syrre, he talke with you anon.

*Daff.* Syr I am a man to be talked withall,  
I am no horse I tro:

I know my strength, then no more then so.

*VVea.* A by the matkins, good syr *Lancelot*, I saw him the  
other day hold vp the bucklers, like an *Hercules*,  
Ifaith God a marcie lad, I like thee well.

*Lance.* I, I like him well, go syrre fetch me a cup of wine,  
That ere I part with maister *Weathercocke*,  
We may drinke downe our fare well in French wine.

*VVea.* I thanke you syr, I thanke you friendly knight,  
He come and visit you, by the incuse-foot I will:  
In the meane time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,

## The London Prodigall.

He is a desperate dyck I warrant you.

*Lance.* He is, he is: fill *Daffidill*, fill me some wine, ha, what weares he on his arme?

My daughter *Luces* bracelet, *I* tis the same:

Ha to you maister *Weathercocke*.

*Whea.* I thanke you syr: Here *Daffidill*, an honest fellow and a tall thou art: well, ile take my leave good knight, and hope to haue you and all your daughters at my poore house, in good  
(sooth I must.

*Lance.* Thankes maister *Weathercocke*, I shall be bold to trouble you be sure.

*Whea.* And welcome, hartily farewell. (Exit *Weathercocke*.)

*Lance.* Syr ha I saw my daughters wrong, and withall her bracelet on your arme, off with it: and with it my luery too, Haue I care to see my daughter matched with men of worship, and are you growne so bold? Goe syr ha from my house, or ile whip you hence.

*Daff.* Ile not be whipped, syr, theres your livery.

(Exit *Daffidill*.)

This is a seruiegmans reward, what care I,

I haue meanes to trust too, / scorn seruice I.

*Lance.* Ia lusty knave, but I must let him goe,  
Our seruants must be taught, what they should know.

Enter syr *Arthur* and *Luces*.

*Luce.* Syr, as I am a maid, I doe affect you aboue any shuter that I haue, altho that souldiers scarce knowes how to loue.

*Ar.* I am a souldier, and a gentleman,  
Knowes what belongs to war, what to a lady:

What man offends me, that my sword shall right:

What woman loues me, I am her faithfull knight,

*Luce.* I neither doubt your valour, nor your loue, but there be some that bares a souldiers forme, that sweares by him they neuer thinke vpon, goes swaggering vp and downe from house to house, crying God payes: and,

*Ar.* Ifaith Lady ile discry you such a man,  
Of them there be many which you haue spoke off,

That





### *The London Prodigall.*

That beare the name and shape of souldiers,  
Yet God knowes very seldome saw the war:  
That haunt your Taverns, and your ordinaries,  
Your ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like  
To uphold the brutish humour of their mindes,  
Being marked downe, for the bondmen of dispare:  
Their mirth begins in wine, but endes in blood,  
Their drinke is cleare, but their conceits are mud,

*Luce.* Yet these are great gentlemen souldiers.

*Ar.* No they are wretched slaues,  
Whose desperate liues doth bring them timelesse graues.

*Luce.* Both for your selfe, and for your forme of life,  
If I may chooseth, ile be a souldiers wife.

*Enter for Lancelot and Oliuer.*

*Oli.* And tyt trust to it so then.

*Lance.* Assure your selfe,  
You shall be married with all speed we may:  
One day shall serue for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

*Oli.* Why che wood vaine know the time, for providing  
wedding rayments.

*Lance.* Why no more but this, first get your assurance made,  
touching my daughters ioynter, that dispatched, we will in two  
daies make prouision.

*Oli.* Why man chil haue the writings made by to morrow.

*Lance.* To morrow be it then, lets meet at the kings head  
in fishstreet.

*Oli.* No fie man no, lets meet at the Rose at *Temple-bar*,  
That will be nearer your counsellor and mine.

*Lance.* At the Rose, be it then the hower nine,  
He that comes last, forfeits a pinte of wine.

*Oli.* A pinte is no paymēt, let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

*Enter Artichoke.*

*Art.* Maister, here is a man would speake with maister *Oliuer*,  
he comes from young maister *Flowerdale*.

*Oli.* Why chill speake with him, chill speake with him.

*Lance.* Nay sonne *Oliuer*, ile shurely see,  
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.  
I pray God it be no quarrell.

## The London Prodigall.

*Oh.* Why man if he quarrell with me, chill giue him his

*Fath.* God saue you good syr *Lancelot.* (hands full.

*Lance.* Welcome honest friend. (Enter old Flowerdale.

*Fath.* To you and yours my maister wisheth health,  
But vnto you syr this, and this he sendes:

There is the length syr of his rapier,

And in that paper shall you know his mind.

*Oh.* Here chill meet him: my vrend, chill meet him.

*Lance.* Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffin fye.

*Oh.* And I doe not meete him, chill giue you leaue to call  
*Me:* cur, where ist syr: has where ist: where ist:

*Fath.* The letter shoves both the time and place,  
And if you be a man, then keepe your word.

*Lance.* Syr he shal not keepe his word, he shal not meet.

*Fath.* Why let him choose, heele be the better knowne  
For a base rascall, and reputed so.

*Oh.* Zyrtha, zyrtha: and tware not an old fellow, and sent  
after an arrant, cl i'll giue thee something, but chud be no mo-  
ny: But hold thee, for I see thou art somewhat testorne, holde  
thee, theres vortie shillings, bring thy maister a veeld, chil giue  
thee vortie more, looke thou bring him, chil mail him tell him,  
ohill mar his dauncing tressels, chil vse him, he was nere so vsed  
since his dam bound his head, chill make him for capyring a-  
ny more chy vor thee.

*Fath.* You seeme a man, stout and resolute,  
And I will so report, what ere befall.

*Lance.* And fall out ill, as sure thy maister this,  
He make him flye the land, or vse him worse.

*Fath.* My maister syr, deserues not this of you,  
And that youle shortly finde.

*Lance.* Thy maister is an vnthrift, you a knaue,  
And ile attache you first, next clap him vp:  
Or haue him bound vnto his good behauiour.

*Oh.* I woud you were a sprite if you do him any harme for  
this: And you doe, chill nere see you, nor any of yours, while  
chill haue eyes open: what doe you thinke, chil be abasselled  
vp and downe the towne for a messell, and a scoundrel, no chy  
bor you: zyrtha chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

*Fath.* Well







## The London Prodigall.

*Fath.* Well fir, my Maister deserues not this of you,  
And that youle shortly finde. *Exit.*

*Oh.* No matter, he's an vnthrif, I defie him.

*Lanc.* No, gentle sonne, let me know the place.

*Oh.* Now chy vore you.

*Lanc.* Let me see the note.

*Oh.* Nay, chill watch you for zucih a tickle.  
But if the meer him zoe, if not, zoe: chill make him knowe  
me, or chill know why I shall not, chill vare the worfe.

*Lanc.* What will you then neglect my daughters loue?  
Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawle?

*Oh.* Why man, chill not kill him, marry chill yeze him too,  
and againe, and zoe God be with you vather.

What mar, we shall met to morrow. *Exit.*

*Lanc.* Who would a thought he had bin so desperate.  
Come forth my honest seruant *Artichoke.* *Enter Artic.*

*Arti.* Now, whar's the matter? some brawle toward, I war-  
rant you.

*Lanc.* Goe get me thy sword bright scowred, thy buckler  
mended, O for that knaue, that *Vyllaine Daffidill* would haue  
done good seruice. But to thee.

*Art.* I, this is the trickes of all you gentlemen, when you  
stand in neede of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidill*, O where  
is he? but if you be angry, and it bee but for the wagging of a  
strawe, then out a doores with the knaue, turne the coate o-  
uer his eares. This is the humour of you all.

*Lanc.* O for that knaue, that lustie *Daffidill*.

*Art.* Why there tis now: our yeares wages and our vailes  
will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that wee vse  
in our quarrels. But Ile not fight if *Daffidill* bee a tother side,  
that's flat.

*Lanc.* Tis no such matter man, get weapons ready, and bee  
at London ere the breake of day: watch neere the lodging  
of the Deuon-shire Youth, but be vnseen: and as he goes out,  
as he will goe out, and that very earely without doubt.

*Art.* What would you haue me draw vpon him,  
As he goes in the streete?

*Lanc.* Not for a world man: into the fields.

### *The London Prodigall.*

For to the field he goes, there to meet the desperat *Flowerdale*,  
Take thou the part of *Oliver* my sonne, for he shal be my son,  
And marry *Luce*: Doeſt vnderſtand me knaue?

*Art.* I ſyr I doe vnderſtand you, but my young miſtreſſe  
might be better provided in matching with my fellowe *Daf*.

*Lance.* No more; *Daffaill* is a knaue: (ſiill.  
That *Daffaill* is a molt notorious knaue. (Exit.

*Enter Weathercocke.*

Maister *Weathercocke*, you come in happy time, The desperat  
*Flowerdale* hath writ a challenge: And who thinke you muſt  
anſwere it? but the Deuenshyre man, my ſonne *Oliver*.

*Wea.* Mary I am ſory for it good ſyr *Lancelot*,  
But if you will be ruled by me, wee le ſtay the ſurie.

*Lance.* As how I pray?

*Wea.* Marry ile tell you, by promiſing yong *Flowerdale* the  
red lipped *Luce*.

*Lance.* Ile rather follow her vnto her graue.

*Wea.* I ſyr *Lancelot* I would haue thought ſo too, but you  
and I haue bene deceiued in him, come read this will, or deed,  
or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your ſpectacles  
(I pray.

*Lance.* Nay I thanke God, I ſee very well.

*Wea.* Marry God bleſſe your eyes, mine hath bene dim al-  
moſt this thirtie yeares,

*Lance.* Ha what is this? what is this?

*Wea.* Nay there is true loue indeede, he gaue it to me but  
this very morne, and bid me keepe it vnſcene from any one,  
good youth, to ſee, how men may be deceiued.

*Lance.* Paſſion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this  
louing youth, he hath made me, together with my *Luce* hee  
loues ſo deare, executors of all his wealth.

*Wea.* All, all good man, he hath giuen you all.

*Lance.* Three ſhips now in the ſtraits, & homeward bound,  
Two Lordſhips of two hundred pound a yeare:  
The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloſterſhyre*:  
Debts and accounts, are thirtie thouſand pound,

Plate





### *The London Prodigall.*

Plate, mony, Jewels, 16. thousand more,  
Two houses furnished well in *Cole-man street*:  
Beside whatsoeuer his Vnckle leaues to him,  
Being of great demeanes and wealth at *Peckham*.

*Wea.* How like you this good knight? how like you this?

*Lance.* I haue done him wrong, but now ile make amends,  
The Deuen-shyre man shall whistle for a wife,  
He marrie *Luce*, *Luce* shall be *Flowerdaies*.

*Wea.* Why that is friendly said, lets ride to *London* and pre-  
uent their match, by promising your daughter to that lovely  
(lad.

*Lance.* Weele ride to *London*, or it shall not need,  
Weele crosse to *Dedfort-strand*, and take a boat:  
Where be these knaues? what *Artichooke*, what *Fop*?

*Enter Artichooke.*

*Art.* Heere be the very knaues, but not the merry knaues.

*Lance.* Heretake my cloake, ile haue a walke to *Dedford*.

*Art.* Syr wee haue bin scouring of our swords and buck-  
lers for your defence.

*Lance.* Defence me no defence, let your swordes rust, ile  
haue no fighting: I, let blowes a'one, bid *Delia* see all things be  
in readinesse against the wedding, wee haue two a'once,  
and that will saue charges maister *Weathercocke*.

*Art.* Well we will doe it syr.

*Exit Ownes.*

*Enter Cinet, Francke, and Delia.*

*Cin.* By my truth this is good lucke, I thanke God for this,  
In good sooth I haue euen my harts desire: sister *Delia*, now I  
may boldly call you so, for your father hath franck and freely  
giuen me his daughter *Francke*.

*Fran.* I by my troth *Tom*, thou hast my good will too, for  
I thanke God I longed for a husband, and would I might ne-  
uer stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

*Delia.* Why sister now you haue your wish.

*Cin.* You say very true sister *Delia*, and I prethee call me  
nothing but *Tom*, and ile call thee sweetheart, and *Francke*: will  
it not doe well sister *Delia*?

*Delia.* It.

### *The London Prodigall.*

*Delia.* It will doe very well with both of you, (edf

*Fran.* But *Tom*, must I goe as I doe now when I am marri.

*Cin.* No *Francke*, ile haue thee goe like a Citizen  
In a garded gowne, and a French-hood.

*Fran.* By my troth that will be excellent indeede,

*Delia.* Brother, maintaine your wife to your estate,  
Apparell you your selfe like to your father:  
And let her goe like to your ancient mother,  
He sparing got his wealth, left it to you,  
Brother take heed of pride, some bids thrift adue.

*Cin.* So as my father and my mother went, thats a iest  
indeed, why she went in a fringed gowne, a single ruffe, and a  
white cap.

And my father in a mocado coat, a paire of red fatten sleeues,  
and a canuis backe.

*Delia.* And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

*Cin.* My estate, my estate I thank God is fortie pound a yere,  
in good leases and tenements, besides twenty marke a yere  
at cuckoldes-hauen, and that comes to vs all by inheritance.

*Delia.* That may indeed, tis very fitly plyed,  
I know not how it comes, but so it falles out  
That those whose fathers haue died wonderous rich,  
And tooke no pleasure but to gather wealth,  
Thinking of little that they leaue behind:  
For them they hope, will be of their like minde,  
But falles out contrary, forty yeares sparing  
Is scarce three seuen yeares spending, neuer caring  
What will inthue, when all their coyne is gone,  
And all too late, then thrift is thought vpon:  
Oft haue I heard, that pride and ryot kist,  
And then repentance crues, for had I wist.

*Cin.* You say well sister *Delia*, you say well: but I meane  
to liue within my boundes: for looke you, I haue set downe  
my rest thus fare, but to maintaine my wife in her french-  
hood, and her coach, keepe a couple of geldings, and a brace  
of gray nounts, and this is all ile doe.

*Delia.* And youle do this with fortie pound a yere?

*Cin.* I, and a better penny sister.

*Fran.* Sister







*The London Prodigall.*

*Fran.* Sister you forget that at couckolds-hauen.

*Cin.* By my troath well remembred *Francke*,  
Ile giue thee that to buy thee pinnes.

*Delia.* Keepe you the rest for points, alas the day,  
Fooles shall haue wealth, tho all the world say nay:  
Come brother will you in, dinner staies for vs.

*Cin.* I good sister with all my heart.

*Fran.* I by my troath *Tom*, for I haue a good stomacke.

*Cin.* And I the like sweet *Francke*, no sister  
Doe not thinke ile goe beyond my boundes.

*Delia.* God grant you may not.

*(Exit Omnes.)*

*Enter young Flowerdale, and his father, with foyles*  
*in their bandes.*

*Flow.* Syrrha *Kye*, tarrie thou there, I haue spied syr *Lancelot*,  
and old *Weathercocke* comming this way, they are hard at  
hand, I will by no meanes be spoken withall.

*Fath.* Ile warrant you, goe get you in.

*Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.*

*Lance.* Now my honest friend, thou dost belong to mai-

*Fath.* I doe syr.

*(After Flowerdale?)*

*Lance.* Is he within my good fellowe

*Fath.* No syr he is not within.

*Lance.* I prethee if he be within, let me speake with him.

*Fath.* Syr to tell you true, my maister is within, but indeed  
would not be spoke withall: there be some tearmes that stands  
vpon his reputation, therefore he will not admit any conse-  
rence till he hath shooke them off.

*Lance.* I prethee tell him his verie good friend syr *Lancelot*  
*Spurcocke*, intreates to speake with him.

*Fath.* By my troath syr, if you come to take vp the matter  
betweene my maister and the Deuen-shyre man, you doe but  
beguile your hopes, and loose your labour.

*Lance.* Honest friend, I haue not any such thing to him,  
I come to speake with him about other matters.

*Fath.* For my maister syr hath set down his resolution,  
Either to redeeme his honour, or leaue his life behind him.

*Lance.* My friend I doe not know any quarrell, touching

## The London Prodigall.

Thy maister or any other person, my businesse is of a different nature to him, and I prethee so tell him.

*Fath.* For howsoeuer the Deuensshire man is, my maisters Mind is bloody: thats a round O,  
And therefore syr, intreatie is but vaine.

*Lance.* I haue no such thing to him, I tell thee once againe.

*Fath.* I will then so signifie to him. (Exit Father.)

*Lance.* A syrrha, I see this matter is hotly carried,  
But ile labour to dissuade him from it, (Enter Flowerdale.)  
Good morrow maister *Flowerdale*.

*Flow.* Good morrow good syr *Lancelot*, good morrowe maister *Weathercocke*.

By my troath gentlemen, I haue bene a reading ouer  
*Nick Machinill*, I find him

Good to be known, not to be followed:

A pestilent humane fellow, I haue made

Certaine anations of him such as they be:

And how ist syr *Lancelot*? ha? how ist?

A mad world, men cannot liue quiet in it. (Iarre)

*Lance.* Maister *Flowerdale*, I doe vnderstand there is some  
Betwene the Deuensshire man and you.

*Fath.* They syr: they are good friends as can be.

*Flow.* Who maister *Oluer* and *Pas* good friends as can be.

*Lance.* It is a kind of safetie in you to denie it, and a generous  
Silence, which too few are indued withall: But syr, such  
A thing I heare, and I could wish it other wise.

*Flow.* No such thing syr *Lancelot*, a my reputation,  
As I am an honest man.

*Lance.* Now I doe beleeeue you then, if you doe  
Engage your reputation there is none.

*Flow.* Nay I doe not ingage my reputation there is not,  
You shall not bind me to any condition of hardnesse:  
But if there be any thing betweene vs, then there is,  
If there be not, then there is not: be or be not, all is one.

*Lance.* I doe perceine by this, that there is something be-  
twene you, and I am very sorie for it.

*Flow.* You may be deceived syr *Lancelot*, the *Italian*  
Hath a pretie saying, *Quello?* I haue forgot it too,  
Tis out of my head, but in my translation





*The London Prodigall.*

*Fit hold thus, thou hast a friend, keepe him. (If a foe, trip him,*

*Lance.* Come, I doe see by this there is somewhat betweene  
And before God I could wish it other wise. you,

*Flow.* Well what is betweene vs, can hardly be altered:

*Syr Lancelot,* I am to ride forth to morrow,  
That way which I must ride, no man must denie  
Me the Sunne, I would not by any particular man,  
Be denied common and generall passage. If any one  
Saith *Flowerdale*, thou passest not this way:  
My answer is, I must either on or returne,  
But returne is not my word, I must on:  
If I cannot, then make my way, nature  
Hath done the last for me, and thers the fine.

*Lance.* Maister *Flowerdale*, euery man hath one tongue,  
And two eares, nature in her building,  
Is a most curious worke-maister.

*Flow.* That is as much to say, a man should heare more  
Then he should speake.

*Lance.* You say true, and indeed I haue heard more,  
Then at this time I will speake.

*Flow.* You say well,

*Lance.* Slanders are more common then troathes maister  
But prooffe is the rule for both. (*Flowerdale*)

*Flow.* You say true, what doe you call him  
Hath it there in his third cantons

*Lance.* I haue heard you haue bin wild: I haue beleeued it.

*Flow.* T was fit, twas necessarie.

*Lance.* But I haue seene somewhat of late in you,  
That hath confirmed in me an opinion of  
Goodnesse toward you.

*Flow.* Yfaith syr, I am shure I neuer did you harme:  
Some good I haue done, either to you or yours,  
I am shure you know not, neither is it my will you should.

*Lance.* I your will syr,

*Flow.* I my will syr: foot doe you know ought of my will?  
Begod and you doe syr, I am abused.

*Lance.* Goe maister *Flowerdale*, what I know, I know:  
And know you thus much out of my knowledge,  
That I truly loue you. For my daughter,

*The London Prodigall.*

She yours. And if you like a marriage better  
Then a brawl, all quirks of reputation set aside, goe with me  
presently: And where you should fight a bloodie battle, you  
shall be married to a lovely Ladie.

*Flow.* Nay but syr *Lancelot*.

*Lance.* If you will not imbrace my offer, yet assure your self  
thus much, I will haue order to hinder your incounter.

*Flow.* Nay but heare me syr *Lancelot*.

*Lance.* Nay stand not you vpon imputatiue honour,  
Tis mererely vnfound, vnprofitable, and idle:  
Inferences your busines is to wedde my daughter, therefore  
giue me your present word to doe it, ile goe and provide the  
maid, therefore giue mee your present resolution, either now  
(or neuer.

*Flow.* Will you so put me too it?

*Luce.* I afore God, either take me now, or take me neuer,  
Else what I thought should be our match, shal be our parting,  
So fare you well for euer.

*Flow.* Stay: fall out, what may fall, my loue  
Is aboue all: I will come.

*Lance.* I expect you, and so fare you well,

*(Exit syr Lancelot.)*

*Fath.* Now syr, how shall we doe for wedding apparelle?

*Flow.* By the masse thats true: now helpe *Kyt*,  
The marriage ended, wee le make amendes for all.

*Fath.* Well no more, prepare you for your bride,  
We will not want for cloathes, what so ere betide.

*Flow.* And thou shalt see, when once I haue my dower,  
In mirth wee le spend,  
Full many a merry hower:  
As for this wench, I not regard a pin,  
It is her gold must bring my pleasures in.

*Fath.* Ist possible, he hath his second living,  
Forfaking God, himselfe to the diuel giuing:  
But that I knew his mother firme and chaste,  
My heart would say, my hed she had disgrast:  
Else would I sweare, he neuer was my sonne,  
But her faire mind, so fowle a deed did shun.

*Enter*







*The London Prodigall.*

*Enter Vnck.*

*Vnck.* How now brother, how doe you find your sonne?

*Falb.* O brother, heedlesse as a libertine,  
Euen growne a maister in the schoole of vice,  
One that doth nothing, but inuent descent:  
For all the day he humours vp and downe,  
How he the next day might deceiue his friend,  
He thinks of nothing but the present time:  
For one groat readie down, heele pay a shilling,  
But when the lender must needes stay for it,  
When I was young, I had the scope of youth,  
Both wild, and wanton, carelesse and desperate:  
But such mad straines, as hee's posselt withall,  
I thought it wonder for to dreame vpon.

*Vnck.* I told you so, but you would not belceue it.

*Falb.* Well I haue found it, but one thing comforts me  
Brother, to morrow hee's to be married  
To beautilous *Luce*, syr *Lanceolus Sparcacks* daughter.

*Vnck.* Ist possible

*Falb.* Tis true, and thus I meane to curbe him,  
This day brother, I will you shall arrest him:  
If any thing will tame him, it must be that,  
For he is ranck in mischiefe, chained to a life,  
That will increase his shame, and kill his wife.

*Vnck.* What, arrest him on his wedding day?  
That were vnchristian, and an vnhumane part:  
How many couple euen for that very day,  
Hath purchast 7. yeares sorrow afterward?  
Forbeare him then to day, doe it to morrow,  
And this day mingle not his ioy with sorrow.

*Falb.* Brother I haue it done this very day,  
And in the viewe of all, as he comes from Church:  
Doe but obserue the course that he will take,  
Vpon my life he will forswear the debt:  
And for weele haue the summe shall not be slight,  
Say that he owes you nere three thousand pound:  
Good brotier let be done immediately.



*The London Prodigall.*

To make an a volowten meryment of it.  
*Daf.* O tis too true. Here comes his Vncle.

*Enter Flowerdale, Sheriffe, Officers.*

*Uncle.* God morrow sir *Arthur*, good morrow *M. Oliver*.

*Oly.* God and good morne *M. Flowerdale*. I pray you tellen  
Is your scoundrell kinsman married? (vs,

*Artib.* *M. Oliver*, call him what you will, but hee is maryed  
To sir *Lancelots* daughter here.

*Uncle.* Sir *Arthur*, vnto hee?

*Oly.* I ha the olde vellow zarued me thick trickes,  
Why man he was a promise, chil chud a had her,  
Is a zitch a yoke, chill looke to his water che vor him.

*Uncle.* The musicke playes, they are comming from the  
Church.

*Sheriffe* doe your Office: fellowes, stand stoutly too it.

*Enter all to the Wedding.*

*Oly.* God giue you ioy, as the old zaid Prouerbe is, and  
some zorrow among. You met vs well, did you not?

*Lance.* Nay be not angry sir, the fault is in me,  
I haue done all the wrong, kept him from comming to the  
field to you, as I might sir, for I am a Iustice, and sworne to  
keepe the peace.

*Wbe.* I marry is he sir, a very Iustice, and sworne to keepe  
the peace, you must not disturbe the weddings.

*Lance.* Nay, neuer frowne nor storme sir, if you doe,  
He haue an order taken for you.

*Oly.* Well, Well, chill be quiet.

*Wbe.* *M. Flowerdale*, sir *Lancelot*, looke you who here is?  
*M. Flowerdale.*

*Lance.* *M. Flowerdale*, welcome with all my heart.

*Flow.* Vncle, this is the yfaith: Maister Vnder-Sheriffe  
Arrest mee, whose sute? draw *Kit*.

*Unc.* At my sute sir

*Lance.* Why whats the matter *M. Flowerdale*?

*Unc.* This is the matter sir, this vnthrift here,  
Hath cozened you, and hath had of me,  
In seuerall summes three thousand pound.

*Flow.* Why Vncle, Vncle:

*Vncle*

**Unck.** Cousen, cousen, you haue vnckled me,  
And if you be not fraid, youle proue  
A counfener vnto all that know you.

**Lance.** Why syr, suppose he be to you in debt  
Ten thousand pound, his state to me appeare,  
To be at least three thousand by the yeare.

**Fack.** O syr, I was too late informed of that plot,  
How that he went about to counsen you:  
And forme a will, and sent it to your good  
Friend there maister *Weathercocke*, in which was  
Nothing true, but brags and lyes,

**Lance.** Ha, hath he not such Lordships, landes, and shippes?

**Fack.** Not worth a groat, not worth a halfe peni.

**Lance.** I pray tell vs true, be plainé young *Flower*.

**Flow.** My vnckle here mad, and disposed to do me wrong,  
But heer's my man, an honest fellow.

By the lord, and of good credit, knowes all is true.

**Fack.** Not I syr, I am too old to lye, I rather know  
You forge a will, where euery line you writ,  
You studied where to coate your landes might lye.

**Wen.** And I prethee, where be thy honest friends?

**Fack.** Yfaith no where syr, for he hath none at all.

**Wen.** Benedicite, we are ore wretched I, beleeue.

**Lance.** I am counfend, and my hopefulst child vndone.

**Flow.** You are not counfend, nor is she vndone,  
They slander me, by this light they slander me:  
Looke you, my vnckle heres an vsurer, and would vndoe me,  
But he stand in law, do you buy baile me, you shal do no more:  
You brother *Cinet*, and maister *Weathercocke*, doe but  
Baile me, and let me haue my marriage mony  
Paid me, and weeletide downe, and there your owne  
Eyes shall see, how my poore tenants there wil welcome me.  
You shall but baile me, you shall doe no more,  
And you greedy gnat, their baile will serue.

**Fack.** If syr, ile aske no better baile.

**Lance.** No syr you shall not take my baile, nor his,  
Nor my sonne *Cinet*, ile not be cheated I,  
Shreue take your prifoner, ile not deale with him.





Lers Vncle make false dice with his false bones,  
I will not haue to doe with him: mocked, guld, & wrongd.  
Come Gisle, though it be late it falls out well,  
Thou shalt not liue with him in beggers hell.

Luc. He is my husband, & hie heauen doth know,  
With what vnwillingnesse I went to Church,  
But you inforced me, you compelled me too it:  
The holy Church-man pronounced these words but now,  
I must not leaue my husband in distresse:  
Now I must comfort him, not goe with you.

Lanc. Comfort a cozoner? on my curse forsake him.

Luc. This day you caused me on your curse to take him:

Doe not I pray my greiued soule oppresse,  
God knowes my heart doth bleed at his distresse. (match,

Lanc. O M. Weathercock, I must confesse I forced her to this  
Led with opinion his false will was true.

Wea. A, he hath ouer-reached me too, | / state.

Lanc. She might haue liued like *Deia*, in a happie Virgins

*Deia*, Father be patient, sorrow comes too late.

Lance. And on her knees she begd & did entreat,  
If she must needs taste a sad marriage life,

She craued to be sir *Arthur Greene-shields* wife,

Ar. You haue done her & me the greater wrong.

Lanc. O take her yet, Arthur. Not I.

Lanc. Or, M. *Obner*, except my child, and halfe my wealth  
is yours. Oly. No sir, chil breake no Lawes.

Luc. Neuer feare, she will not trouble you.

*Deia*, Yet sister in this passion doe not runne headlong to  
confusion. You may affect him, though not follow him.

Frank. Doe sister, hang him, let him goe.

Wea. Doe faith Mistresse *Luce*, leaue him.

Luc. You are three grosse fooles, let me alone,  
I sweare ile liue with him in all mone.

Oly. But an he haue his legges at libertie, I

Cham averd hee will neuer liue with you,

*The London Prodigall.*

*Art.* But hee is now in hucksters handling for running  
*Lanc.* Huswife, you heare how you and I am wrongd, (away.  
And if you will redresse it yet you may :  
But if you stand on tearmes to follow him,  
Neuer come neere my sight nor looke on me,  
Call me not father, looke not for a groat,  
For all thy portion I wil this day giue  
Vnto thy syster *Frances*.

*Fran.* How say you to that *Tom*, I shall haue a good deale,  
Besides ile be a good wifer and a good wife  
Is a good thing, I can tell.

*Cin.* Peace *Franck*, I would be sorry to see thy sister  
Call away, as I am a Gentleman,

*Lance.* What, are you yet resolued:

*Lanc.* Yes, I am resolued.

*Lanc.* Come then away, or now, or neuer come.

*Lanc.* This way I turne, goe you vnto your feast,  
And I to weepe, that am with grieve oppressd.

*Lanc.* For euer flie my sight : come gentlemen  
Lets in, ile helpe you to far better wifes then her.  
*Deu* vpon my blessing talke not too her,  
Bace Baggage, in such hast to beggery?

*Unc.* Sheriffe take your prisoner to your charge.

*Flo.* Vncle, be-god you haue vsd me very hardly,  
By my troth, vpon my wedding day.

*Exit all: yong Flowerdale, his father, Vncle,  
Sheriffe, and Officers.*

*Lanc.* O *M. Flowerdale*, but heare me speake,  
Stay but a little while good *M. Sheriffe*,  
If not for him, for my sake pittie him;  
Good syr stop not your eares at my complaint;  
My voyce growes weake, for womens words are faint.

*Flo.* Looke you *Vncle*, she kneales to you.

*Vncle.*







*The London Prodigall.*

*Vnc.* Faire maid, for you, I loue you with my heart,  
And greue sweet soule thy fortune is so bad,  
That thou shouldst match with such a gracelesse  
Go to thy father, thinke not ypon him, (Youth,  
Whom hell hath marked to be the sonne of shame.

*Luc.* Impute his wildnesse syr, vnto his youth,  
And thinke that now is the time he doth repent:  
Alas, what good or gayne can you receiue,  
To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?  
And where nought is, the king doth lose his due,  
O pittie him as God shall pittie you.

*Vnc.* Ladie, I know his humours all too well,  
And nothing in the world can doe him good,  
But miserie it selfe to chaine him with,

*Luc.* Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?

*Vnc.* I virgin, that being answered, I haue done,  
But to him that is all as impossible,  
As / to scale the hie Piramydie.  
Sheriffe take your prisoner, Maiden fare thee well.

*Luc.* O goe not yet, good M. *Flowerdale* :  
Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.

*Flow.* I by God *Vncle*, and my bond too.

*Luc.* Alas, I n ere ought nothing but I paid it,  
And I can worke, alas he can doe nothing :  
I haue some friends perhaps will pittie me,  
His chiefeft friends doe seeke his miserie,  
All that I can, or beg, get, or receiue,  
Shall be for you: O doe not turne away,  
Me thinkes within a face so reuerent,  
So well experienced in this tottering world,  
Should haue some feeling of a maidens grieve:  
For my sake, his fathers, and your brothers sake,  
I for your soules sake that doth hope for ioy,  
Pittie my state: do not two soules destroy.

*Vnc.* Faire maid stand vp, not in regard of him,  
But in pittie of thy haplesse choise,

## The London Prodigall.

Idoe release him, M. Sheriffe I thanke you:  
And officers there is for you to drinke.  
Here maide take this monie, there is a 100. Angels,  
And for I will be sure he shall not haue it,  
Here Kester take it you, and vse it sparingly,  
But let not her haue any want at all.  
Dry your eyes Neece, doe not too much lament  
For him, whose life hath beene in royot spent:  
If well he vseth thee, he gets him friends,  
• If ill, a shamefull end on him depends.

*Exit Vncle.*

*Flow.* A plague goe with you for an old fornicator:  
Come *Kyt* the monie, come honest *Kyt*.

*Fath.* Nay by my faith sir, you shall pardon me.

*Flow.* And why sir pardon you? giue me the mony  
You old Rascall, or I shall make you.

*Luc.* Pray hold your hands, giue it him honest friend.

*Fath.* If you be so content, with all my heart.

*Flow.* Content syr, sblood shee shall be content  
Whether she will or no. A rattle baby come to follow me:  
Goe get you gone to the greasie chuffe your father,  
Bring me your dowrie, or neuer looke on me.

*Fath.* Syr she hath forsooke her father, and all her friends for  
you.

*Flow.* Hang thee, her friends and father altogether.

*Fath.* Yet part with something to prouide her lodging.

*Flow.* Yes, I meane to part with her and you, but if I part with  
one Angel, hang me at a poste. Ile rather throwe them at a  
east at Dice, as I haue done a thousand of their fellowes.

*Fath.* Nay then I will be plaine degenerate boy,  
Thou hadst a Father would haue beene a shamed.

*Flow.* My father was an Assle, an old Assle.

*Fath.* Thy father? proud lycentious villaine:  
What are you at your foyles, ile foyle with you.

*Luc.* Good sir forbear him.

*Fath.*





### *The London Prodigall.*

*Fath.* Did not this whining woman hang on me,  
Ide teach thee what it was to abuse thy father:  
Goe hang, beg, starue, dice, game, that when all is gone  
Thou maist after dispaire and hang thy selfe.

*Luce.* O doe not curse him.

*Fath.* I doe not curse him, and to pray for him were vaine,  
It grieues me that he beares his father name.

*Flow.* Well you old rascall, I shall meet with you,  
Syrha get you gone, I will not strip the livery  
Ouer your cares, because you paid for it: (not  
But do not vse my name, syrha doe you heare? looke you doe  
Vse my name, you were best.

*Fath.* Pay me the twentie pound then, that I lent you,  
Or giue me securitie, when I may haue it. none,

*Flow.* Ile pay thee not a penny, and for securitie, ile giue thee  
Minckins looke you doe not follow me, looke you doe not:  
If you doe begger, I shall slit your nose.

*Luce.* Alas what shall I doe?

*Flow.* Why turne whore, thats a good trade,  
And so perhaps ile see thee now and then.

*Exit Flowerdale.*

*Luce.* Alas the day that euer I was borne,

*Fath.* Sweete mistresse doe not weepe, ile sticke to you.

*Luce.* Alas my friend, I know not what to do,  
My father and my friends, they haue despised me:  
And I a wretched maid, thus cast away,  
Knowes neither where to goe, nor what to say.

*Fath.* It grieues me at the soule, to see her teares  
Thus staine the crimson roses of her cheekes:  
Lady take comfort, doe not mourne in vaine,  
I haue a little liuing in this towne,  
The which I thinke comes to a hundred pound,  
All that and more shall be at your dispose,  
Ile strait goe helpe you to some strange disguise,  
And place you in a seruice in this towne:

E 3.

Where

### *The London Prodigall.*

Where you shal know all, yet your selfe vnknowne;  
Come greue no more, where no helpe can be had,  
Weepe not for him, that is more worfe then bad.

*Luce.* I thanke you syr.

*Enter syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke and them.*

*Oli.* Well, cha a bin zerued many a sluttish trickes,  
But such a lerripoope as thick ych was nere a sarued.

*Lance.* Son *Cinet*, daughter *Frances*, beare with me,  
You see how I am pressed downe with inward grieve,  
About that lucklesse gyrlie, your sister *Luce*:  
But tis fallen out with me, as with many families beside,  
They are most vnhappy, that are most beloued.

*Cin.* Father tis so, tis euen fallen out so,  
But what remedie, set hand to your heart, and let it passe:  
Here is your daughter *Frances* and I, and weele not say,  
Weele bring forth as wittie children, but as prettie  
Children as euer she wastho she had the pricke  
And praise for a prettie wench: But father, done is  
The monse, youle come?

*Lance.* I sonne *Cinet*, ile come.

*Cin.* And you maister *Oliuer*?

*Oli.* I, for che a vext out this veast, chill see if a gan  
Make a better veast there.

*Cin.* And you syr *Arthur*?

*Ar.* I syr, although my heart be full,  
Ile be a partner at your wedding feast.

*Cin.* And welcome all indeed, and welcome, come *Francke*  
(are you readiest

*Fran.* Ieshue how hastie these husbands are, I pray father,  
Pray to God to blesse me.

*Lance.* God blesse thee, and I doe: God make thee wise,  
Send you both ioy, I wish it with wet eyes.

*Fran.* But







*The London Prodigall.*

*Fran.* But Father, shall not my sister *Delia* goe along with  
she is excellent good at cookery and such things. (vs?)

*Lance.* Yes mary shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.

*Delia.* I am ready syr, I will first goe to *Greene-witch*,  
From thence to my cousen *Chesterfelds*, and so to *London*.

*Cin.* It shall suffice good sister *Delia*, it shall suffice,  
But faile vs not good sister, giue order to cookes, and others,  
For I would not haue my sweet *Francke*  
To soyle her fingers.

*Fran.* No by my troath not I, a gentlewoman, and a married  
Gentlewoman too, to be companions to-cookes,  
And kitchin-boyes, not I, y faith: I scorne that.

*Cin.* Why I doe not meane thou shalt sweete heart,  
Thou seest I doe not goe about it: well farewell too: (too?)  
You, Gods pittie *M. Weathercocke*, we shal haue your cōpany

*Wea.* Withall my heart, for I loue good cheare,

*Cin.* Well, God be with you all, come *Francke*.

*Fran.* God be with you father, God be with you syr *Arthur*,  
Maister *Olmer*, and maister *Weathercocke*, sister, God be with  
you all: God be with you father, God be with you euery one.

*Wea.* Why how now syr *Arthur*? all a mort maister *Olmer*,  
(how now man?)

Cheerely syr *Lancelot*, and merily say,  
Who can hold that will away.

*Lance.* If shee is gone indeed, poore gi:le vndone,  
But when theyle be selfewilled, children must sinait.

*Ar.* But syr, that shee is wronged, you are the chiefest cause,  
Therefore tis reason, you redresse her wrong.

*Wen.* Indeed you must syr *Lancelot*, you must.

*Lance.* Must? who can compell me maister *Weathercocke*?  
I hope I may doe what I list.

*Wea.* I grant you may, you may doe what you list.

*Ol.* Nay, but and you be well euisen, it were not good  
By this vrapolneisse, and vrowardnesse, to cast away  
As pretty adowflabell, as am should chance to see

*The London Prodigall.*

In a Summers day, chil tell you what chall doe,  
Chil goe spye vp and downe the towne, and see if I  
Can heare any tale or dydings of her,  
And take her away from thicke a messell, vor cham  
Assured, heele but bring her to the spoile,  
And so var you well, we shall meete at your sonne *Cinss.*

*Lance.* I thanke you syr, I take it very kindly.

*Ary.* To find her out, ile spend my dearest blood.

*Exit both.*

So well I loued her, to affect her good.

*Lance.* O maister *Weathercocke*, what hap had I, to force  
(my daughter

From maister *Oliner*, and this good knight?  
To one that hath no goodnesse in his thought.

*Wea.* All lucke, but what remedie.

*Lance.* Yes I haue almost deuised a remedy,  
Young *Flowerdale*, is shure a prisoner.

*Wea.* Shure, nothing more shure.

*Lance.* And yet perhaps his Vnckle hath released him.

*Wea.* It may be very like, no doubt he hath.

*Lance.* Well if he be in prison, ile haue warrants  
To tache my daughter till the lawe be tried,  
For I will shue him vpon couzonage.

*Wea.* Mary may you, and ouerthrow him toos

*Lance.* Nay thats not so, I may chance be scost,  
And sentence past with him.

*Wea.* Beleene me so he may; therefore take heede.

*Lance.* Well howsoeuer, yet I will haue warrants,  
In prison, or at libertie, all one!

You will helpe to serue them maister *Weathercocke*?

*Exit Omnes.*

*Enter Flowerdale.*

*Floa.* A plague of the diuell, the diuell take the dyce,  
The dyce, and the diuell, and his damne goe together:

OF





*The London Prodigall.*

Of all my hundred golden angels,  
I haue not left me one denier:  
A poxe of come a fine, what shall I doe,  
I can borrow no more of my credit:  
There's not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy,  
But I haue borrowed more or lesse off:  
I would I knewe where to take a good purse,  
And goe cleare away, by this light ile venture for it,  
Gods lid my sister *Delia*,  
He rob her, by this hand,

*Enter Delia, and Artichoke.*

*Del.* I prethee *Artichoke* goe not so fast,  
The weather is hot, and I am something wearie.  
*Art.* Nay I warrant you mistress *Delia* ile not tire you  
With leading, wee le goe an extreame moderate pace.

*Flow.* Stand, deliuer your purse.

*Art.* O lord, theeues, theeues,

*Exit Artichoke.*

*Flow.* Come, come, your purse ladie, your purse.

*Deli.* That voice I haue heard often before this time,  
What brother *Flamerdale*, become a theefe?

*Flow.* I, a plague ont, I thanke your father,  
But sister, come, your mony, come:  
What the world must find me, I am borne to liue,  
Tis not a sinne to steale, when none will giue.

*Deli.* O God, is all grace banisht from thy heart,  
Thinke of the shame that doth attend this fact.

*Flow.* Shame me no shames, come giue me your purse,  
He bind you sister, least I faire the worse.

*Deli.* No, bind me not, hold there is all I haue,  
And would that mony would redeeme thy shame.

*Enter Oliuer, for Arthur, and Artichoke.*

*Art.* Theeues, theeues, theeues.

*Oli.* Theeues, where man? why how now mistress *Delia*,  
Ha you a liked to bin a robbed?

F

*Deli.* No

## The London Prodigall.

*Delia.* No maister *Oliver*, tis maister *Flowerdale*, hee did but  
leſt with me.

*Ol.* How, *Flowerdale*, that ſcoundrell & ſirra, you meten vs  
Well, vang thee that, (charge.

*Flow.* Well ſir, ile not meddle with you, becauſe I haue a  
*Del.* Here brother *Flowerdale*, ile lend you this ſame mony.

*Flow.* I thanke you ſiſter. (penny.

*Ol.* I wad you were yſplit, and you let the mezell haue a  
But ſince you cannot keepe it, chil keepe it my ſelfe.

*Ar.* Tis pittie to releene him in this ſort,  
Who makes a triumphant life, his daily ſport.

*Delia.* Brother, you ſee how all men conſure you,  
Farewell; and I pray God amend your life.

*Oh.* Come, chil bring you along, and you ſafe enough  
From twentie ſuch ſcoundrells as thick a one is,  
Farewell and be hanged zyrha, as I thinke ſo thou  
Wilt be ſhortly, come ſyr *Arthur*.

*Exit all but Flowerdale.*

*Flow.* A plague goe with you for a karſie rascal!  
This Deuſenſhyre man I thinke is made all of porke,  
His hands made onely, for to heaue vp packs;  
His hart as fat and big as his face,  
As differing far from all braue gallant minds  
As I to ſerue the hogges, and drinke with hindes,  
As I am very neere now: well, what remedie,  
When mony, meanes, and friends, doe growe ſo ſmall,  
Then farewell life, and ther's an end of all. *Exit on ſcace.*

*Enter Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Cinet, and his  
wiſe miſtreſſe Frances.*

*Cin.* By my troath god a mercie for this good *Chriſtopher*,  
I thanke thee for my maide, I like her very well,  
How doeſt thou like her *Frances*?

*Fran.* In good ſadneſſe *Tom*, very well, excellent well,  
She ſpeakes ſo prettily, I pray whats your name?

*Luce.* My name for ſooth be called *Tanikin*.

*Fran.* By:







# *The London Prodigall.*

*Fran.* By my troath a fine name, O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing one head a newe fashion.

*Luce.* Me sall doe euery ting about da head.

*Cin.* What countriwoman is the *Kesler*?

*Fath.* A dutch woman sir.

*Cin.* Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

*Fath.* I Syr she is. (and carest)

*Fran.* O then thou canst tell how to helpe mee to checkes

*Luce.* Yes mistresse verie vell.

*Fath.* Checkes and cares, why mistresse *Frances*, want you Checkes and cares? me thinks you haue very faire ones.

*Fran.* Thou art a foole indeed *Tom*, thou knowest what I

*Cin.* I, I *Kesler*, tis such as they weare a their heads, (meane, I prethee *Kit* haue her in, and shewe her my house.

*Fath.* I will sir, come *Tanikin*.

*Fran.* O *Tom*, you haue not buffed me to day *Tom*.

*Cin.* No *Frances*, we must not kisse afore folkes,  
God saue me *Fraucke*,

*Enter Delia, and Artichoke.*

See yonder my sister *Delia* is come, welcome good sister.

*Fran.* Welcome good sister, how do you like the tier of my

*Delia.* Very well sister. (heads)

*Cin.* I am glad you're come sister *Delia* to giue order for Supper, they will be here soone.

*Art.* I, but if good luck had nor serued, she had Not bin here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like

To peppord vs, but for maister *Oliuer*, we had bin robbed.

*Del.* Peace syrrha, no more.

*Fath.* Robbed! by whom?

*Art.* Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turned theefe.

*Cin.* By my faith, but that is not well, but God be praised For your escape, will you draw neere sister?

*Fath.* Syrrha come hither, would *Flowerdale*, hee that was my maister, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true:

*The London Prodigall.*

*Art.* Yes ysaith, such that *Flowerdale*, that was thy mai-  
(sister.)

*Faith.* Hold thee, there is a French crowne, and speake no  
(more of this.)

*Art.* Not I, not a word, now do I smell knauerie:  
In euery purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is halfe:  
And giues me this to keepe counsell, no not a word I.

*Faith.* Why God a mercy.

*Fran.* Sister looke here, I haue a new Dutch maid,  
And she speakes so fine, it would doe your heart good.

*Cin.* How doe you like her sister?

*Delia.* I like your maide well.

*Cin.* Well deare sister, will you draw neere, and giue direc-  
tions for supper, guesse will be here presently.

*Delia.* Yes brother, leade the way ile follow you.

*Exit all but Delia and Luce.*

Harke you Dutch frowe a word.

*Luce.* Vat is your vill wit me?

*Delia.* Sister *Luce*, tis not your broken language,  
Nor this same habit, can disguise your face  
From I that know you: pray tell me, what meanes this?

*Luce.* Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret:  
This borrowed shape, that I haue tane vpon me,  
Is but to keepe my selfe, a space vnknowne,  
Both from my father, and my neereft friendes:  
Vntill I see, how time will bring to passe,  
The desperate course, of maister *Flowerdale*.

*Delia.* O hee is worse then bad, I prethee leane him,  
And let not once thy heart to thinke on him.

*Luce.* Do not perswade me, once to such a thought,  
Imagine yet, that he is worse then naught:  
Yet one louers time, may all that ill vndo,  
That all his former life, did run into.

Therefore





*The London Prodigall*

Therefore kind sister doe not disclose my estate,  
Here his heart doth turne, tis nere too late. (mind,

*Dely.* Well, seeing no counsell can remove your  
Ile not disclose you, that art willfull blinde. (eies,

*Luc. Delia,* I thank you, I now must please her  
My sister *Frances*, neither faire nor wise.

*Exit. Olives.*

*Enter Flowerdale Johu.*

*Flo.* On goes he that knowes no end of his iourney,  
I haue palled the very vtmost bounds of shifting,  
I haue no course now but to hang my selfe:

I haue liued since yesterday two a clocke, of a  
Spice-cake I had at a buttell: and for drinke,  
I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as  
Will beare out a man, if he haue no mony indeed.  
I meane out of their companyes, for they are men  
Of good carriage. Who comes heere?

The two Conycatehers, that woun all my mony of  
Aetric if thay le lend me any. (me,

*Enter Dicke and Rafe.*

What *M. Richard* how doe youe  
How doest thou *Rafe*? By God gentlemē the world  
Growes bare with me, will you do as much as lend  
Me an Angel betweene you both, you know you  
Won a hundred of me the other day.

*Rafe.* How, an Angel? God damme vs if we lost not euey  
Peny, within an houre after thou wert gone.

*Flo.* I prethy lend me so much, as will pay for my supper,  
Ile pay you againe, as I am a Gentleman.

*Rafe.* I faith, we haue haue not a farthing, not a myte:  
I wonder at it *M. Flowerdale*,

You will so carelesly vndo your selfe,  
Why you will loose more mony in an houre,

### *The London Prodigall.*

Then any honest man spend in a yeare,  
For shame betake you to some honest Trade,  
And liue not thus so like a Vagabond.

*Exit both.*

*Flou.* A Vagabond indeed, more villaines you:  
They gaue me counsell that first cozend me:  
Those Diuels first brought me to this I am,  
And being thus, the first that doe me wrong.  
Well, yet I haue one friend left in store,  
Not farre from hence, there dwels a Cokatryce,  
One that I first put in a fatten gowne,  
And not a tooth that dwell within her head,  
But stands me at the least in 20. pound:  
Her will I visite now my coyne is gone,  
And as I take it heere dwelles the Gentlewomen.  
What ho, is Mistresse Apricke within?

*Enter Ruffyn.*

*Ruff.* What sawie Rascall is that which knocks so bold,  
O, is it you? old spend-thrift, are you here?  
One that is turned Cozoner about the towne:  
My Mistresse saw you, and sends this word by me,  
Either be packing quickly from the doore,  
Or you shall haue such a greeting sent you strait,  
As you will little like on, you had best be gone.

*Flou.* Why so, this is as it should be, being poore,  
Thus art thou serued by a vile painted whoore.  
Well, since thy damned crew doe so abuse thee,  
Ile try of honest men, how they will vse mee.

*Enter an ancient Citizen.*

Sir I beseech you to take compassion of a man,  
One whose Fortunes haue beene better then at this instant  
they seeme to be: but if I might craue of you so much little  
portion, as would bring mee to my friends, I should rest  
thankfull, vntill I had requited so great a curtesie.

*Citizen.*







## *The London Prodigall.*

*Citizen.* Fie, fie, yong man, this course is very bad,  
Too many such haue wee about this Cittie,  
Yet for I haue not seene you in this sort,  
Nor noted you to be a common begger:  
Hold theres an Angel, to beare your charges,  
Downe, goe to your freinds, do not on this depend,  
Such bad beginnings oft haue worser ends. *Exit Cittie.*

*Flow.* Worser endes: nay, if it fall out  
No worser then in old angels I care not,  
Nay now I haue had such a fortunate beginning,  
Ile not let a sixepennie-purse escape me;  
By the Masse, here comes another.

*Enter a Citizens wife with a torch before her.*

God blesse you faire Mistresse;  
Now would it please you gentlewoman to looke into the  
wants of a poore Gentle-man, a yonger brother, I doubt not  
but God will treble restore it backe againe, one that neuer  
before this time demanded pennie, halfpennie, nor farthing.

*Citiz. Wife.* Stay *Alexander*, now by my troth a very pro-  
per man, and tis great pittie: hold my friend, theres all the  
monie I haue about me, a couple of shillings, and God blesse  
thee.

*Flow.* Now God thanke you sweete Lady if you haue any  
friend, or Garden-house; where you may imploy a poore  
gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all se-  
cret seruice.

*Citiz.* I thanke you good friend, I prethy let me see that a-  
gaine, I gaue thee, there is one of them a brasse shilling, giue  
me them, and here is halfe a crowne in gold. *He giues it her.*  
Nowe out vpon thee Rascal, secret seruice: what dost  
thou make of mee? it were a good deede to haue thee whipt:  
now I haue my money againe, ile see thee hanged before  
I giue thee a pennie: secret seruice: on good *Alexander.*

*Exit both.*

*Flow.* This

*The London Prodigall.*

*Flow.* This is villanous lucke, I perceiue dishonestie  
Will not thrise: here comes more, God forgie mee,

Sir *Arthur*, and M. *Oliver*, afore God, Ile speake to them,  
God saue you Sir *Arthur*: God saue you M. *Oliver*.

*Enter Sir Arthur, and M. Oliver.*

*Oh.* Byn you there *Zyrrha*, come will you y taken your selfe  
To your tooles, Coyttrells?

*Flow.* Nay, M. *Oliver*, Ile not fight with you,  
Alas sir you know it was not my dooings,  
It was onely a plot to get Sir *Lancelots* daughter:  
By God, I neuer meant you harme.

*Oh.* And where is the Gentle-woman thy wife, Mezell?  
Where is shee, *Zyrrha*, her?

*Flow.* By my troth M. *Oliver*, sicke, very sicke;  
And God is my Iudge, I know not what meanes to make for  
her, good Gentlewoman.

*Oh.* Tell me true, is she sicke: tell me true itch wife thee?

*Flow.* Yes faith, I tell you true: M. *Oliver*, if you would  
doe mee the small kindeesse, but to lend me fortie shillings:  
So God helpe me I will pay you so soone as my abilitie shall  
make me able, as I am a gentleman.

*Oh.* Well thou zaist thy wife is zicke: hold, thers vortie  
shillings, giued it to thy wife, looke thou giue it her; or I shall  
zo veze thee, thou wert not so vezed this zeuen ycare, looke  
too it.

*Art.* Yfaith M. *Oliver*, it is in vaine  
To giue to him that neuer thinkes of her.

*Oh.* Well, would che could yuind it. (man.

*Flow.* I tell you true, sir *Arthur*, as I am a gentle-

*Oh.* Well fare you well *Zyrrha*: come sir *Arthur*.

*Exit both.*

*Flow.* By the Lord this is excellent, you will see  
Five golden Angels compast in an houre;  
If this trade hold, ile neuer seeke a new.

*Welcome*





*The London Frodogall.*

Welcome sweet gold and beggery adue.

*Enter Vnckle and Father.*

*Unc.* See *Kester* if you can find the house.

*Flow.* Whose here, my Vnckle, and my man *Kester*?

*By* the masse tis they.

How doe you Vnckle, how dost thou *Kester*?

*By* my troath Vnckle, you must needes lend

Me some mony, the poore gentlewoman

My wife, so God helpe me, is verie sicke,

I was robbed of the hundred angels

You gaue me, they are gone.

*Unc.* If they are gone indeed, come *Kester* away.

*Flow.* Nay Vnckle, do you heare? good Vnckle.

*Unc.* Out hypocrite, I will not heare thee speake,  
Come leaue him *Kester*.

*Flow.* *Kester*, honest *Kester*.

*Fath.* Syr, I haue nought to say to you,  
Open the doore to my kin, thou hadst best  
Lockt fast, for theres a false knaue without.

*Flow.* you are an old lying Rascall,  
So you are.

*Exit both.*

*Enter Luce.*

*Luce.* Vatis de matter, Vat be you yonker?

*Flow.* By this light a Dutch Froe, they say they are calde  
Kind, by this light ile try her.

*Luce.* Vat bin you yonker, why doe you not speake?

*Flow.* By my troath sweet heart, a poore gentleman that  
would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bountie of  
your purse.

*Enter father.*

*Luce.* O here God, so young an armine.

*Flow.* Armine sweet-heart, I know not what you meane by  
that, but I am almost a begger.

*Luce.* Are you not a married man, vere bin your wife?  
Here is all I haue, take dis.

*Flow.* What gold young Froe? this is braue.

*Fath.* If he haue any grace, heele now repent,

G

*Luce.* Why

*Luce.* Why speake you not, were be your wife?

*Flow.* Dead, dead, shees dead, tis she hath vndone me,  
Spent me all I had, and kept rascalls vnder mine nose to braue  
(me.

*Luce.* Did you vse her vell?

*Flow.* Vse her, theres neuer a gentlewoman in *England*  
could be better vsed then I did her, I could but Coatch her,  
her diet stood me in fortie pound a moneth, but shee is dead  
and in her graue, my cares are buried.

*Luce.* Indeed dat vas not scone.

*Fath.* He is turned more diuell then he was before.

*Flow.* Thou doest belong to maister *Cinot* here, doest thou

*Luce.* Yes me doe. (not?

*Flow.* Why theres it, theres not a handfull of plate  
But belongs to me, Gods my Iudge:

If I had but such a wench as thou art,

Theres neuer a man in *England* would make more.

Of her, then I would doe, to she had any stocke.

*They call within:*

O why *Taukin*.

*Luce.* Stay one doth call, I shall come by and by againe.

*Flow.* By this hand, this *Dutch* wench is in loue with me,  
Were it not admirall to make her steale.

All *Cinots* Plate, and runne away.

*Fath.* Twere beastly. O maister *Flowerdale*,  
Haue you no feare of God, nor conscience:

What doe you meane, by this vilde course you take?

*Flow.* What doe I meane, why to liue, that I meane.

*Fath.* To liue in this sort, fie vpon the course,  
Your life doth show, you are a verie coward.

*Flow.* A coward, I pray in what?

*Fath.* Why you will borrow sixpence of a boy.

*Flow.* Snailes is there such cowardice in that, I dare  
Borrow it of a man, I and of the tallest man

In *England*, if he will lend it me,

Let me borrowe it how I can, and let them come by it how  
they dare.

And







*The London Prodigall.*

And it is well kowne, I might a rid out a hundred times  
If I would: so I might.

*Fath.* It was not want of will, but cowardice,  
There is none that lends to you, but know they  
And what is that but onely stealth in you, (gaine:  
*Delia* might hang you now, did not her heart  
Take pittie of you for her sisters sake.  
Goe get you hence, least lingering here you stay,  
You fall into their hands you looke not for.

*Flaw.* He tarie here, till the Dutch Froe  
Comes, if all the diuels in hell were here.

*Exit. Father.*

*Enter syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke, and  
Artiebooke.*

*Luce.* Where is the doore, are we not past it *Artiebooke?*

*Art.* Bith masse heres one, ile aske him, doe you heare sir?  
What are you so proud? doe you heare, which is the way  
To maister *Cinet*'s house? what will you not speake?  
O me, this is filching *Flwoerdale*.

*Lance.* O wonderfull, is this leaude villaine here?  
O you cheating Roague, you cut-purse conicatcher,  
VVhat ditch you villaine, is my daughters grauce?  
A cozening rascall, that must make a will,  
Take on him that strict habit, very that:  
VVhen he should turne to angell, a dying grace,  
He father in lawe you syr, ile make a will,  
Speake villaine, wheres my daughter?  
Poysoned I warrant you, or knocked a the head: will,  
And to abuse good maister *Weathercocke*, with his forged  
And maister *Weathercocke*, to make my grounded resolution,  
Then to abuse the *Deuenshyre* gentlemen:  
Goe, away with him to prison.

*Flaw.* VVherefore to prison? syr I will not goe.

*Enter maister Cinet, his wife, Oliuer, syr Artibur,  
Father, and Vnckle Delia.*

## The London Prodigall.

*Luce.* O heeres his Vnckle, welcome gentlemen, welcome  
Such a cozoner gentlemen, a murderer too (all,  
For any thing I know, my daughter is missing:

Hath bin looked for, cannot be found, a vild vpon thee,

*Unc.* He is my kinsman, altho his life be vilde,  
Therefore in Godsname, doe with him what you will.

*Lance.* Marrie to prison.

*Flow.* Wherefore to prison? snickvp, I owe you nothing.

*Lance.* Bring forth my daughter then; away with him.

*Flow.* Goe seeke your daughter, what doe you lay to my

*Lance.* Suspition of murder, goe away with him. (charge,

*Flow.* Murder your dogs, I murder your daughter,

Come Vnckle, I know youle baile me.

*Unc.* Not I, were there no more,

Then I the Iaylor, thou the prisoner.

*Lance.* Goe away with him.

*Enter Luce like a Frowe:*

*Luce.* O my life here, where will you ha de man?  
Vat ha de younker done?

*Wea.* Woman he hath kild his wife.

*Luce.* His wife, dat is not good, dat is not seene.

*Lance.* Hang not vpon him huswife, if you doe ile lay yon  
(by him.

*Luce.* Haue me no, and or way doe you haue him,  
He tell me dat he loue me hartily.

*Fran.* Lead away my maide to prison, why *Tom* will you  
(suffer that?

*Cis.* No by your leaue father, she is no vagrant:  
She is my wines chamber maid, & as true as the skin between  
any mans browes here,

*Lance.* Goe too, you're both fooles: sonne *Cmes*,  
Of my life this is a plot,  
Some stragling counterfait preferd to you:  
No doubt to rob you of your plate and Jewels,  
He haue you led away to prison trull.

*Luce.* I am no trull, neither outlandish Frowe,  
Nor he, uer I shall to the prison goe:  
Know you me now? nay neuer stand amazed.

Father,





*The London Prodigall.*

Father I know I haue offended you,  
And tho that dutie wills me bend my knees  
To you in dutie and obedience:  
Yet this wayes doe I turne, and to him yeeld  
My loue, my dutie and my humblenesse.

*Lanc.* Bastard in nature, kneele to such a slaue?

*Luce.* O M. *Edward*, if too much grieft  
Haue not stop't vp the organs of your voyce,  
Then speake to her that is thy faithfull wife,  
Or doth contempt of me, thus tie thy tongue:  
Turne not away, I am no *Aethyope*,  
No wanton *Cressed*, nor a shaming *Hellen*:  
But rather one made wretched by thy losse.  
What turnst thou still from mee? O then  
I gesse thee wofullst among haplesse men.

*Flou.* I am indeed wise, wonder among wiues  
Thy chastitie and vertue hath infused  
Another soule in mee, red with defame,  
For in my blushing cheekes is seene my shame.

*Lanc.* Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.

*Luce.* Not trust him, by hopes after blisse,  
I know no sorrow can be compar'd to his.

*Lan.* Well since thou weart ordain'd to beggery,  
Follow thy fortune, I desie thee *L*.

*Oh.* Ywood che were so well ydousst as was euer white  
cloth in a tocking mill, and chea ha not made me weepe.

*Fath.* If he hath any grace heele now repent.

*Art.* It moues my heart.

*Wes.* By my troth I must weepe, I can not chuse.

*Uncle.* None but a beast would such a maide misuse.

*Flou.* Content thy selfe, I hope to win his fauour,  
And to redeeme my reputation lost,  
And Gentlemen beleeue me, I beseech you,  
I hope your eyes shall behold such change,  
As shall deceiue your expectation.

*Oh.* I would che were ysplit now, but che beleeue him.

*Lance.* How, beleeue him? *Wes.* By the mackins, I doe.

*Lance.* What doe you thinke that ere he will haue grace?

### The London Prodigall.

*Wea.* By my faith it will goe hard.

*Oh.* Well che vorye he is changed: and *M. Flowerdale*, in hope you been so, hold theres vortie pound toward your zetting vp: what bee not ashamed, vang it man, vang it, bee a good husband, louen your wife; and you shall not want for vortie more, I che vor thee.

*Arth.* My meanes are little, but if youle follow  
I will instruct you in my ablest power: (me,  
But to your wife I giue this Diamond,  
And proue true Dimond faire in all your life.

*Flow.* Thankes good sir *Arthur*, *M. Omer*,  
You being myemie, and growne so kind,  
Bindes mee in all indeuour to restore.

*Oh.* What, restore me, no restoring man,  
I haue vortie pound more for *Luce*, here vang it:  
Zouth chil deue *London* cle, what do not thinke me  
A Mezel or a Scoundrell to throw away my money, che haue  
a hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation: I hope  
your vnder and your vnckle here wil vollow my zamples.  
*Vnckle.* You haue gest right of me, if he leaue of this course of  
life, he shall be mine heire.

*Lan.* But he shall neuer get a groat of me,  
A Cozoner, a deceiver, one that kild his painefull  
Father, honest Gentleman that passed the fearefull  
Danger of the sea, to get him liuing and maintaine  
*Wea.* What hath he kild his father? (him braue.

*Lance.* I sir, with conceit of his vild courfes.

*Fath.* Sir, you are misinformed. (selfe.

*Lanc.* Why thou old knaue, thou toldst me so thy

*Fa.* I wrong'd him then: and toward my *M. stock*,  
Thers 20 Nobles for to make amends.

*Fla.* No *Kester*, I haue troubled thee, and wrong thee  
What thou in loue giues, I in loue restore. (more,

*Fra.* Ha, ha, sister, there you playd bo-peepe with  
*Tom*, What shall I giue her toward household?

Sister *Delia*, shall I giue her my *Fanne*?

*Dei.* You were best aske your husband. *Fran.* Shal I *Tom*?

*Quet.* I do *Franck* ile by thee a new one, with a longer handle.

*Franck.*







*Frank.* A russet one *Frank.* *Civil.* I with russet feathers.

*Fran.* Here sister, theres my Fanne toward household, to

*Luce.* I thanke you sister. (keepe you warme.

*Wea.* Why this is well, and toward faire *Luces* stocke, heres  
fortie shillings: and fortie good shillings more, Ile giue her  
marrie. Come sir *Lancelot*, I must haue you friends,

*Lance.* Not I, all this is counterfeit,  
He will consume it, were it a Million.

*Fath.* Sir, what is your daughters dower worth?

*Lance.* Had she been married to an honest man,  
It had beene better then a thousand pound.

*Fath.* Pay it him, and ile giue you my bond;  
To make her ioynter better worth then three.

*Lance.* Your bond sir, why what are you?

*Fath.* One whose word in *London* tho I say it,  
Will passe there for as much as yours. (man?

*Lans.* VVear not thou late that vnthrifts seruing-

*Fath.* Looke on me better, now my scarre is off.  
Nere muse man at this metamorphosie.

*Lance.* M. *Flowerdale.*

*Flow.* My father, O I shame to looke on him.  
Pardon deare father the follyes that are past.

*Fa.* Sonne, sonne I doe, and ioy at this thy change,  
And applaud thy fortune in this vertuous maide,  
Whom heauen hath sent to thee to saue thy soule.

*Luc.* This addeth ioy to ioy, hie heauen be prais'd.

*Wea.* M. *Flowerdale*, welcome frō death, good M. *Flowerdale*.  
T was sed so here, twas sed so here good faith.

*Fath.* I caused that rumour to be spred my selfe,  
Becaue ide see the humours of my sonne,  
Which to relate the circumstance is needlesse:

And sirra see you runne no more into that same disease

For he thats once cured of that maladic,

Of Ryot, Swearing, Drunkennes, and Pride,

And falles againe into the like distresse,

That feur is deadly, doth till death indure:

Such men die mad as of a callenture.

*Flow.* Heauen helping me, ile hate the course as hell.

*Vnde.*

*Unc.* Say it and do it Cozen, all is well. (man,

*Lanc.* Wel being in hope youle proue an honest

I take you to my fauour brother *Flowerdale*,

Welcome with all my heart; I see your care

Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,

And I am glad of it, come lets in and feast.

*Ory.* Nay zoft you awhile, you promised to make

Sir *Arthur* and me attends, here is your wisest

Daughter, see which ans sheele haue. (hers.

*Lanc.* A Gods name, you haue my good will, get

*Oly.* How say you then Damsell, tyters hate?

*Delia.* I sir, am yours;

*Oly.* Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil haue it  
Dispatched in a trice so chill,

*Delia.* Pardon me sir, I meane I am yours,

In loue, in dutie; and affection.

But not to loue as wife, shall neere be said,

*Delia* was buried married, but a mayd,

*Arth.* Doe not condemne your selfe for euer

Virtuous faire, you were borne to loue. (it

*Oly.* Why you say true sir *Arthur* she was ybere to

So well as her mother; but I pray you shew vs

Some samples or reasons why you will not marry?

*Delia.* Not that I doe condemne a married life,

For tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:

But for the care and crosse of a wife,

The trouble in this world that children bring,

My vow is in heauen in earth to liue alone,

Husbands howsoeuer good, I will haue none.

*Oly.* Why then chil will liue Batcheller too,

Che zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig

By me: Come shalls go to dinner? (Lanc:

*Fa.* To morrow I craue your companies in *Mark*-

To night wee le frolike in *M. Curies* house,

And to each health, drinke downe a full carouse.

FINIS.























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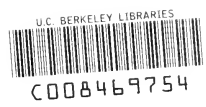
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